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James Otis Sargent Huntington, O. H. C.

Father Founder

Born July 23, 1854

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Count It All Joy

BY INES SLATE

My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations: knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience.

St. James 1:2:3.

IT doesn't seem possible that Jack Delaney is dead. The world seems larger, emptier, somehow, without him. One could understand such a desolate feeling if Jack had been a great man, a brilliant statesman, a gifted poet, an outstanding scientist or world figure. But he wasn't any of those things. He was, I suppose, one of the most ordinary men that ever lived and, at the same time, one of the most extraordinary. There seems nothing that one can say about him that would help you sense the *difference* that was in him. He was a small, slight man, around forty; he had a wife, two children, a small home in the suburbs. He liked to putter in the garden and to bowl a bit. For a living, he sold life insurance. Little enough to say of anyone, surely?

Sometimes the surest way of taking the measure of a man is to see him through the

eyes of his fellows. What did his neighbors think of Jack? Well, his wife said he was the grandest husband a woman ever had; she talked a good bit about his consideration and seemed to set great store by his cheerfulness. His boss said he was a natural-born salesman and a credit to the firm. His co-workers said he deserved his success; goodness knows he worked hard enough. His competitors said he was just plain lucky. His friends said he was an all-around good sport and his rector said, "You know, I do believe that Jack Delaney is a consecrated soul." His doctor said he was a man of amazing courage. Of them all, his rector and his doctor came closest to the truth for they too, of all Jack's friends, knew the truth about him, and saw his day-by-day joyousness despite the fact that a cancer was slowly nibbling away at his life.

Looking back over the years, I can still remember clearly the day that Jack first told me of his discovery; the discovery that changed his life. It could hardly be termed an original discovery since it had been part

of the teaching of the Anglican Church throughout its history, but it was new to Jack.

"Look here," he'd said, "it's the most amazing thing and it's true. It has to be true, because it's all in the Bible. Here, look, I'll show you." In his enthusiasm he leaned forward, "You see, here, in St. John, Chapter 16, — I was reading it last night — and he says, 'Ye shall be sorrowful but your sorrow shall be turned into joy.' Well, I didn't really think too much about it right

then but, a little way farther on, he says, 'Hitherto ye have asked nothing in My Name. Ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.' That started me off," said Jack Delaney, "that reference to joy — there's four such references to joy in just that one chapter. It made me think. Joy. It had seemed so important, to St. John, to the disciples, why, even to Our Blessed Lord Himself. So I got hold of a Concordance and I began looking it up. Why, you wouldn't believe the number of times joy is spoken of especially by Our Lord! Why joy is mentioned sixty-seven different times in the New Testament alone! What's all this about joy? I wondered. And I decided to find out. That's been a couple of months ago and I've found out plenty; I'm still finding out more every day; I'll probably die long before I find out all there is to be found out about joy. But, you know, I think I've discovered something pretty important. I think it is our duty to be joyous. And I think God gives us a special grace to enable us to be joyous."

To Jack, it was a wonderful, personal discovery, but it would hardly have come as news to any Episcopal priest. Long centuries before Jack made his discovery, St. Francis had written, "A sad saint is a sorry saint." One remembers the account of how, though St. Francis practiced the most extraordinary mortifications, and lived a life of tremendous self-denial and iron discipline, he is credited with often having shouted aloud from sheer joy. Centuries after St. Francis the great Anglican Bishop Andrewes was to write, "There is something wrong with us if our lives lack peace and religious joy." Still later, Father Shirly Carter Hughson, of the Order of the Holy Cross, was to write, "For a joyful spirit is one that has in it a big sense of humor and if we want to cultivate joy, we must at the same time cultivate a sense of humor. When our sense of humor fails it means that things are getting out of proportion and that will never do."



SAINT JAMES

(Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art)

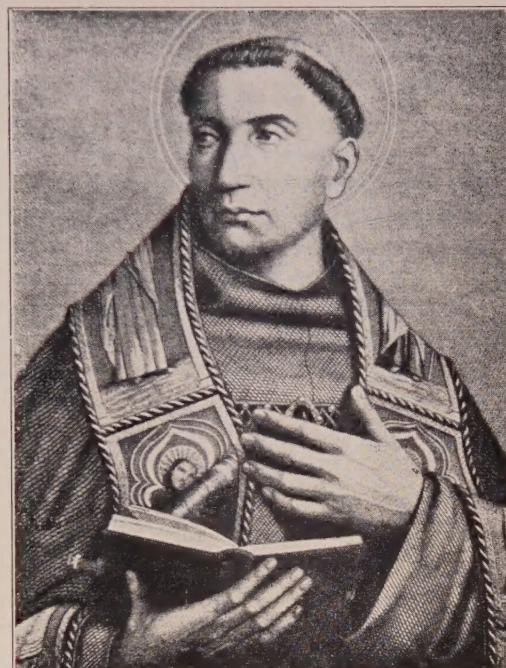
Over and over again we find St. Paul preaching joy to the early Christians. "For

oice in the Lord always," he wrote, "and gain I say, Rejoice!" (Philippians 14:4). I am exceedingly joyful in all our tribulations," he wrote again (II Corinthians 7:4) and, "for ye took joyfully the spoiling of our goods, knowing in yourselves that ye have in heaven a better and enduring substance," (Hebrews 10:34). These are but few examples, selected almost at random from the Epistles, but there are many more. One especially remembers the words of St. John, "And these things I write unto you, that your joy may be full." (I John 1:4)

But just what, one is inclined to ask, is this precious joy, emphasized so strongly by Our Saviour, mentioned again and again by St. Paul, spoken of so earnestly by so many saints and Fathers of the Church? What is this radiant joy which so possessed Jack Delaney that it caused his rector to refer to him as "a consecrated soul"? Was this a special blessing of God, bestowed on Jack Delaney, or is it His priceless gift to each and everyone of His children? Surely we must admit that it is the heritage of all, for we find it designated as one of the Fruits of the Holy Spirit, "But the Fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, patience, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith." (Galatians 5:22)

This blessed joy, this grace of laughter, is a free gift, given by Christ to the faithful heart. We are sorry creatures indeed, petty sinners, idlers, filled with the frivolity of the world, yet Our Crucified Lord, out of His inexhaustible love, offers to each of us this tremendous gift of lasting, unshakable joy.

Space and time alone would forbid our listing the literally thousands of reasons each of us has for daily joy, for daily thanksgiving to God for His good and gracious gifts. How long is it since you have thanked your God for the beauty of the morning, the coolness of the rain, the incandescent sunset, the home that shelters you, the human hearts that love you, the clothes that warm you, the food which nourishes you? How long is it since, on your knees, you have devoutly and sincerely thanked God for the tremendous gifts of His Sacraments?



SAINT BONAVENTURA

How long is it since you have thanked Him for the privilege of prayer, the grace of trying, the chance for repentance and amendment?

All of us need to face ourselves unflinchingly, to see ourselves as we truly are, to look squarely at the ugliness of our own sins, shortcomings and failures. And because such searching self-scrutiny is more than our human nature dares acknowledge, we need to seek the solace of the Sacrament of Holy Penance. But there is no joy, you say, in Confession. "This is very hard, very terrible. It is too much. It isn't really necessary. I confess my sins to God privately; I do not need to confess them again to a priest." Jack Delaney, whose every moment was filled with the joy of the Holy Spirit, would never have made such a statement. You see, Jack knew.

In his book, "The Great Divorce," Mr. C. S. Lewis makes the shade of George MacDonald speak some very telling words, "There is always something," he says, "they insist on keeping even at the price of misery. There is always something they prefer to joy — that is, to reality. You see it easily

enough in a spoiled child that would sooner miss its play and its supper than say it was sorry and be friends."

And that is the crux of the matter. *There is always something — something of self — that we insist on keeping.* Something of self that is more important to us than Christ Crucified, and this petty, ugly thing we allow to bar us from the Confessional where, surely, of all places, one finds one of the greatest Sacraments of healing, peace and joy. "Joy shall be in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth more than over ninety and nine just persons which have no need of repentance." (St Luke 15:7). "They that sow in tears (penitence) shall reap in joy," sang the Psalmist.

Facing the Sacrament of Penance one faces self, naked, ashamed. One looks, with horror, on one's sins and realizes how, with these filthy and unworthy acts one has repaid the blessed love of God. One thinks of Our Blessed Saviour nailed to the Cross, crowned with thorns, mocked, scourged, His side pierced with the cruel lance, hanging in agony while He prayed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Surely we cannot know, we cannot realize, when we glibly tell the easy, diplomatic lie what we have done to cause that Sacred Body to writhe in fresh agony? Surely we do not know when we indulge in orgies of self-pity, in the dramatics of flaming anger, in the shameful loss of patience, that we stand at the foot of His Cross and add our jeers to those of the mocking crowd? And yet — and yet — we *do* know. Kneeling alone before the Blessed Sacrament we realize how deeply every thoughtless word has scarred that tormented Saviour, how grievously every selfish sin has wounded Selfless Love. And we are, in turn, tormented, too, because we do not really want to do these things. We do them thoughtlessly, carelessly, oftentimes simply because they've become habitual or because they represent the easiest way. It is easy to loaf through an hour with an amusing book, but difficult to consecrate hard work to God. It is easy to take the one little drink that will do no harm, but difficult to

mortify the flesh. That which we would not, we have done. And that which we would, we do not. It is unbearable. One cannot live* with such self-knowledge. Life itself, in the face of such stark realization, becomes hopeless.

But, through the goodness and love of God, it is not hopeless. Weary, shamed, hating self and loathing sin, one comes to one's knees in the Confessional, realizing that this is a Sacrament instituted by Our Lord Himself when He said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosoever sins ye shall retain, they are retained." (St. John 20:22:23). Humbly, honestly, without excuse, one confesses one's sins to one's priest and then he, in God's Name, pronounces Absolution. Before this, he has given you his advice and counsel, to help you in future battles with temptation. You listen; you learn; perhaps you grow a little. And then, after the words of Absolution, you rise from your knees and face the world again, cleansed, cleansed by the Blood of the Lamb.

St. Francis de Sales in his INTRODUCTION TO THE DEVOUT LIFE, tells us that "By confession you not only receive absolution from the venial sins you confess but, likewise, a great strength to avoid them in the future, light to discern them well, and abundant grace to repair all the damage you may have sustained by them. In this one act you will also practice the virtues of humility, obedience, sincerity and charity. In this one act of confession you shall exercise more virtues than in any other whatsoever."

We tarry in the quiet Church saying our penance, meditating on the Lord's goodness, thanking Him for His grace and forgiveness, and then we rise, at last, to go out again into the world. But with how different an outlook! Surely, if ever there were a Sacrament of Joy, this of Penance is it. We walk, hearing the words of our confessor still echoing in our heart, "Go in peace. The Lord hath put away thy sins."

This, surely, one would say, is enough. Not even of an all-powerful, all-loving God could one ask more. This is joy and

ough for any one lifetime. But our God is not such a finite mind as ours; He does not love with a restricted, human love; He loves us completely, Divinely; He pours out the abundance of His grace and goodness upon us and gives us a further Sacrament of Joy, that of the Holy Eucharist.

That we should go to God seems right and proper; we have so great a need of His love and mercy; but that He should come to us is certainly a Mystery past all understanding. One can but give thanks for His great goodness, His sharing with us of His precious Body and Blood in the great sacrament of the Altar. "We love Him because He first loved us." And so greatly did He love us that, in His own words, He "would not leave us comfortless." In the night before He died He took bread, blessed it and brake it and gave it to His disciples, saying, "Take, eat. This is My Body which is broken for you." And again He took the Cup and blessed it and gave it to them saying "Drink ye all of this, for this is My Blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins." And from the very heart of Love came the most compelling words ever spoken, "This do ye,

as often as ye drink it, in remembrance of Me."

Cleansed of our sins through the healing peace of the Sacrament of Penance, we approach His Altar and from the hands of His priest receive the Sacred Body, the Blessed Blood of Our Only Lord and Saviour, Crucified in time for us, that we might live for eternity in Him. Is this a cause of joy? Little wonder indeed that St. Francis shouted aloud in his joyous thankfulness for so great a gift!

Most of us, if asked, would say that we think of Confession as a "difficult" Sacrament. It is humiliating to face ourselves and highly embarrassing to confess our sins before a priest who may well be a good friend. We would much prefer to have Father X — think us paragons of virtue. Father X —, if he is any sort of priest at all, knows better, but pride is so much stronger with us than commonsense that we fancy he congratulates himself on a congregation of angels. We would prefer, by far, to seek Father X—in the celebration of the Eucharist. Now there, we would say, is a truly comforting and consoling Sacrament. This outlook is, perhaps, why so many of us fail



to win the blessed gift of true spiritual joy. Penance is, surely a Sacrament of peace, healing and joy. And, by the same token, if we but took thought, we would approach the Lord's Table in fear and trembling, lest we eat and drink to our own damnation. "Behold!" said Our Lord, "the hand of him that betrayeth Me is with Me on the table." Which of us would dare say that he stretches forth clean hands for the Sacred Body, the Saving Blood? Which of us dares say that we do not betray Him — a dozen times a day — by cheap, petty selfishness? When we begin to see this, begin to realize our own utter worthlessness, our own sinfulness and deliberate betrayal of Him; when we see it and begin, however poorly, to attempt amendment of life, self-discipline, recollection, then! ah, then! Christ's own gift of joy comes flooding into our hearts. Then indeed one begins to put off the old man and put on the new. And good Father X, whose heart breaks daily over our sins, does not pride himself on having a congregation of angels; he too often thinks of himself as a devil to harbor any such foolish fancies.

All of this, Jack Delaney knew. He had

found it in his faithful reading of Holy Scripture, in his long hours of silence before the Blessed Sacrament; he had found it by being still, and knowing that He was God. He had carried the Lord from the Tabernacle, into his own heart, and soul, and so with him out into the world of everyday. But the world of everyday, Jack found, can sometimes be rather terrible. He looked white and shaken the day he found that the thing growing within him was not benign but malignant, that it had been discovered too late, and that he walked with death in his inward parts. He sat, terribly still, for a very long time until, finally, I asked if he'd like a drink. It was then that he gave me that strange, that utterly beautiful smile and said the thing I'll never forget, "No, thanks," said Jack Delaney, "It's just that — well, for the moment, you know, it's hard to understand. I'm just an average everyday guy, a miserable sinner, as the book says. I've never done anything at all for Our Lord; I haven't even known how to do anything. And yet, He has given me so much, such a wonderful life, such a wonderful home, grand kids, and a great little wife, success in business, all the blessings of faith. And now on top of everything else," said Jack, his face alive with joy, "now He gives me the the most wonderful gift of all. He's going to let me share, just a tiny bit, in His pain."

And then He laughed, that wonderful contagious Delaney laugh, "Oh, I don't mean that quite the way it sounds," he confessed, "Let's face it. I'm not going to enjoy suffering. I'm going to hate every minute of it. I'm going to do everything I can to get out of it, or to suffer as little as possible. I don't like pain any better than anyone else and I don't want to suffer. I guess we're all softies. But I do intend to ask for His grace, His help so that, when the pain does come, I can try to offer it to Him as a — a small sharing — a tiny bit of reparation. I'm not a saint and I never will be," said Jack Delaney, "but, for His Sake, I'd like to go down singing alleluias." Jack hadn't read Father Hughson's "Spiritual Letters." He didn't know that that good man had written "the saints are just the sinners who kept on trying."

(To be continued)



DEATH OF SAINT JOSEPH

By Domenico Canuti

(Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art)

The Unsentimental Bishop

BY JULIEN GUNN, O.H.C.

FATHER Mulready sauntered up the soot-stained walk to the grimy parish hall of St. Mark's Church. He had siven in twenty miles to see old Father Greene and to make his monthly confession. The day was hot and the odors from the far-by factories did not make it the more easant.

Mr. Hitchcock the sexton (or verger, as they called him at St. Mark's) stood in his mildly defiant attitude in the walk way, gazing ahead of him. He always seemed to be the church and it was difficult for those acquainted with him to fathom whether it was due to his devotion to the church or avoidance of his wife's rheumatism and high temper.

"Father ain't 'ere and bishop's coming!" he uttered in a tone of complete disgust. His principal dislike in life was the Irish, the next "eretics," and as the bishop of the diocese fitted into the latter category, he shared Mr. Hitchcock's dislike.

"What is the bishop up to now?" asked Father Mulready who had a faint idea on the subject, but preferred to be enlightened by the doughty East Londoner.

"Oh, it's this 'ere parish 'ouse, with no parish. Father's broke up over it." With the completion of this revelation it was obvious that he had finished all discussion of the unpleasant affair for he pulled out an enormous bunch of keys and conducted the priest to the front door of the church. After unlocking and opening the door he ushered Father Mulready in and closing the door behind him, locked it from the outside. This was a painful necessity because of the neighborhood. The faithful few of the parish who wanted to pay a "visit" could find their way to the church through the parish hall. It had not always been so, but after some children from the Church of Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament Parochial School were discovered in the church, depositing tracts about Henry VIII founding the

Church of England, Mr. Hitchcock had kept the front door locked. Father Greene had protested but as the faithful verger had announced his resignation if the doors were left open for "Irish brats to sacrilege the church" there was nothing left for the rector to do but capitulate.

Once inside, the Stygian darkness of the Victorian interior prevented immediate progress. While waiting for his eyes to become accustomed to the gloom, Father Mulready groped for the holy water stoup. Soon he could make out the walnut interior with the white marble altar in the distance. The ruby light of the sanctuary lamp proclaimed that in at least one church in that diocese there was the Presence. The priest went forward and knelt at the brass communion rail, his mind wavering between devotion and Father Greene's problems.

St. Mark's was the oldest parish in the city. It had grown from a handful of loyal Church people who had crossed the Appalachian Mountains and settled that part of the country. With the growth of the town and its wealth, it became the leading parish of the diocese. When industry had been developed, it became wealthy and fashionable; it was then that the great brown-stone Gothic church had been built. Very early in the history of the parish it had been whispered in clerical circles that St. Mark's was tainted with Tractarianism, and Evangelicals shook their heads and urged the bishop to investigate. But the Gay family, who had supplied the parish with wardens and treasurers and at least one chancellor for the diocese, were not the kind of people who would like their church investigated. The mammoth Caen stone altar had been given in memory of Charles Auchmuty Featherstone Gay. (Father Greene once remarked to a visitor when he pointed out the "In Memoriam" at the base, that his parents must have given him that name because it would stretch such a long distance on a

church memorial.) Old Bishop Grundy did not like the altar, but he was willing to tolerate it as long as he did not have to bow to it.

But the tide of civilization moved on leaving the eroding facade of St. Mark's behind to the factory and near-slum neighborhood. Communicants died and others using the excuse of "too High Church," moved up town to become members of other churches so that now, except for the generous endowment of the Gay family, St. Mark's would have closed for good the weather-stained oak doors.

When the rectorship of "Mister Greene" started twenty-seven years ago people thought they were "high," but now "Father Greene" had moved from the respectable and timid churchmanship to incense, Benediction, Stations of the Cross, missal masses and a Lady Shrine. With the neighborhood and diocese against him, he now could boast only three hundred and twenty-two communicants, but that was sixty-one more than

it was when he came. The parish was a cross-section of life: there were those of the very rich, especially Walter S. P. Gay, the treasurer, and Mr. Hammer, the vice president of the State and City Bank; the average school teachers like Miss Bryce who had not missed daily mass since she slipped on a wet leaf and broke her ankle nine years ago on Maundy Thursday, and Miss Beeching, a trained nurse who came to mass when she could, and as long as she was superintendent at the City Hospital gave a quarter of her income to St. Mark's. There were the very poor who had seen God through Father Greene because he had helped them. They did not understand much about what he did in church, but Father Greene did it and that was enough for them. Finally there were some few lapsed Roman families like the Marciolis who loved Father Greene because he came and ate their food even if they had little to give him, and then he did not snarl about money at mass.

When old Bishop Grundy went to his reward five years before and his body was taken back to Connecticut for burial at his widow's orders, the important clergy and laity decided that the diocese needed a man at the helm who would do credit to any major business establishment. They there-upon elected the next to the tallest priest in the whole Episcopal Church to the office of chief pastor. At the consecration dinner the additional information was imparted that he had the largest chest measurement of *any* clergymen in the Church and there were happy portents for the future of the diocese.

The bishop's first official duty involved the sale of the cathedral property for three and a half million dollars and after staggering the city with his business acumen, proceeded to marry the wealthiest single lady in the whole state. The wedding was the last service in the cathedral. Before long all six feet six inches of the bishop had been in every church in the diocese and every rectory but one. At the second diocesan convention the budget was twice the size it had been the year before. This triumph was completed soon after by the departure of the last Nashotah graduate from the diocese. But still the



"BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD"

s one untaken citadel—St. Mark's. An outright assault on Father Greene would have been unthinkable. Sanctity frequently despises the most worldly, and as Mr. Gay donated six thousand dollars a year to the diocese outside his parish pledge, another plan had been adopted.

All this might have been vaguely near the surface of the conscious in Father Mulready's mind as he knelt on the worn red plush cushion, but if so it was displaced by the awareness of quick footsteps as someone approached. A figure entered the sanctuary, opened the tabernacle and after a pause uninflected and closed the door; he turned round so that the younger priest could make out that it was the rector. Father Mulready advanced.

"Father, will you hear my confession, please?"

The two disappeared to one of the confessional booths, the first appearance of which had caused six people to transfer to St. Andrew's parish.

* * *

"Well, it is nice to see you again." Said Father Greene as the other priest appeared in the door-way of the rector's study some fifteen minutes later. "How are you?"

"A little warm, but not at all astonished."

"Ah, Kipling. Nobody reads him today—in bad odor—but I like him."

Father Greene was wise and old enough so that he never asked priests the state of their parishes. Another priest had asked that once and he had replied: "I don't know, but I am afraid that God does."

"I hear that the bishop is coming. Anything wrong?"

Father Greene raised his eyebrows and shook his head to convey indifference. There was an awkward silence and then he started.

"It is the 'Neighborhood House.' They are breaking ground at noon." His voice faltered and the younger priest felt a rush of sympathy for the veteran of twenty-seven long, grimy years of toil.

"Well, I heard something about that from Peters. You know he has his heart in the right place, even if he has a family to make



"ANGELS CAME AND MINISTERED UNTO HIM"

him cautious. It's a crying shame for them to come right here a block away and build a diocesan community center right at your front door, in order to break up your work with secular activity — ACTIVITY." He shouted and then collected himself. Father Greene raised his hands in protest.

"Now he may do good with his project and God knows that I have not been able to reach as many people here as I might. Maybe good will come of it."

The words of charity could not cover up the expression of deep injury of soul which showed on the thin face of the man whose diet and activity had not made him "fat and well-liking."

"Well, anyhow I think it is rotten, even if your charity won't let you recognize it. Why is the bishop coming here?"

"He called yesterday to say that he wanted some place to change his clothes and this was the most convenient spot he could think of."

A smile stole over the old priest's face,

but a smile of indulgence not scorn.

"What is he going to wear?"

"Some kind of overall suit, and the Daily Herald is going to take pictures."

"I see," said Father Mulready from between his teeth. "Impress the local people by his simplicity. Well, he will have to get the chauffeur to park his wife's Cadillac a mile away. By the way, why does he hate the Catholic Religion so much?"

The older priest shrugged his shoulders and then after a pause said, "He says that it is sentimental and unmanly. That is all he has ever said to me."

"Sentimental!" growled the other and walked over to the window to scowl out at the broken bottles and weeds which inhabited the yard of the next door house. It was a strange, large house; nobody was ever seen entering or going out of it, but a light turned on the top floor generally about two o'clock in the morning.

The silence was broken only by the tick of the wall clock and the dripping of water in the hand-basin of the lavatory close by.

"I must tell Hitchcock again about repairing that faucet." Father Greene said aloud to himself.

There was a long uncomfortable pause until Father Mulready turned around to see the rector of St. Mark's with the record book on the desk before him as he entered some figures.

"Sick communion this morning?"

"Yes. The zeal of Miss Beeching uncovered an Episcopalian dying in the hospital. She was not a communicant here. As a matter of fact she was from Massachusetts originally, but had not been in church for almost ten years. Had never heard of the Reserved Sacrament, but didn't mind making use of the convenience before she died."

The slightly wicked vein in the old priest had appeared: all was well.

"Father, have you ever seen a bishop wear a larger pectoral cross than our diocesan? It must be six inches long."

"He has to have one to fit his body, my boy. Anyhow, I would rather he believe

in the atonement and didn't wear one, like Bishop Grundy."

Father Mulready shook the room with a hearty laugh. When he recovered, he remarked: "You know that cross is very thick and looks like it might be fixed so that it could be opened — like a locket."

"Maybe it contains a relic," replied Father Greene in a stage whisper.

Walking could be heard in the tiled hall and Mr. Hitchcock poked his head and suspended shoulders into the room.

" " is Right Riverince is getting out of 'is Rolls." All big cars were Rolls Royces to the verger. He disappeared in order not to meet with the bishop and after the hall door slammed with a violence that shook the building, the local heir of the Apostles stood towering in the doorway.

"Is this a meeting of the College of Cardinals I am butting in on? Hullo Mulready."

"No, Reverend Father. We were just waiting for you." Father Greene parried adroitly.

A slight frown passed over the episcopal countenance and then he let down the shiny tan suitcase with a thump on the desk.

"I thought this was the most appropriate place to take off my clericals and get into working clothes."

"Yes, this is a working man's parish," mused Father Mulready.

The bishop took no notice of the last remark, but after taking off his coat, vest and clerical collar produced an enormous new pair of coveralls from the suitcase and put them on. The immature face and well-groomed hair looked strikingly incongruous sprouting out of the denim work-suit. The bishop hung his coat up on the shaky hat-rack and walked toward the door.

"I am late now, so I had better be going."

He left without even an invitation to the clergymen to accompany him. Both priests looked at one another in that silence which can only be produced by utter amazement.

"Well, we can hardly go out to lunch with the episcopal appurtenances here," lamented Father Greene. "And Hitchcock would lock the place up as tight as a bank if he saw us leave, just out of pure devilment."

"He didn't take his pectoral cross with him, either," said Father Mulready.

"He wasn't wearing it."

"Yes he was. I saw the chain about his neck, but the cross was buried in a pocket."

With a stride the younger priest advanced to the coat rack and pulled out the pectoral cross.

The magnificence dazzled the two into silence. There was an enormous amethyst in the center and four large sapphires at the four corners; in between were diamonds alternating with rubies.

"Fit for the pope!" gasped Mulready who had never seen it that close before. He turned it over and whispered. "It does have hinges."

A fingernail quickly pried open the catch and the two priests almost butted heads to see the contents. Slowly they drew their breath. In the oval center there was a snap-shot cut down to fit the space. Seated on a stone garden bench sat the bishop's wife smiling sweetly; a small girl in her lap and a slightly older boy leaned on her left arm. The pontifical locket snapped shut and without a word the culprit who had first trod holy ground placed the object where he had found it. Father Greene picked up his breviary and said slowly

"Let's say Sext and None together in the Church. I think we can finish before his lordship returns."



SAINTS JOACHIM AND ANNE

By Carpaccio

A Path To The River

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND ROBERT ERSKINE CAMPBELL, O.H.C.

WHOMe wants to be a spider? Or a crab, or a toad? The waiting list is not long. No one really hankers for any such mode of existence. It is too unnatural, we say, not at all human.

Why then in the Church do we have these queer unnatural beings known as Religious? For, like spiders, they are supposed to weave sticky webs to snare the unwary. Like crabs, they are shifty and really without any heads at all. The frog is famous too, for his indolence and his long tongue.

Our only answer is that of our Lord to St. Peter, "Come and see." But first, in order that we may understand what we see, we should halt for a minute to study the background of the monastic life.

While on earth our Lord left us some bits of good advice. For many centuries they have been called the Counsels of Perfection. They are, in brief, that if a man would be perfect he must sell all that he has, give to the poor, and follow Him. Again, for the sake of the Kingdom of Heaven a man may deny himself wife and children; and last but not least, a man must humble himself and learn obedience to lawful authority, just as our Lord became obedient even unto the death of the Cross.

The life and work of the Fathers and Brothers at Holy Cross rests securely on this foundation. In the words of St. Paul, "The love of Christ constraineth us." Starting with this total self-surrender, the individual finds a new freedom, indeed a new life in Christ. Individuality, so far from being smothered, finds fresh joy daily. Like the fabled giant whose strength redoubled the time he touched Mother Earth, we reach our hands to heaven to touch it often. This occurs each day both in chapel and elsewhere. We have before us St. Paul's urging "Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus."

Holy Cross is primarily a house of prayer. "We are always to bear in mind that a House

of the Order is not our own house. It is our home for a time, but it is only so because the house and all that is in it belong to God, and we belong to Him. It is a house that God has claimed for Himself. The ladder of the Cross is planted firmly within the walls of a religious house and angels pass up and down that stairway. Our house is a house of God; let us strive to make it for ourselves the gate of heaven. This will show us how we should treat the house where we are permitted to abide, and how we should behave ourselves in it. The stillness about the Cross, when the darkness gathered and the noises of the world died away; the unhurried movement of the Mass with souls absorbed in God; the hush of the chapel with our Lord's Sacramental Presence—these times and places will set before us the quiet that should ever brood within our walls. The very condition of the sanctuary, its perfect order, cleanliness and unobtrusive action of its ministers, should extend themselves throughout the house in all its departments." Chapter XXXIV, sections 152, 153.

Yet, that is not all. Here we have our Novitiate where young men aspiring to membership in the Order are trained. That means instruction not merely in the principles of the Religious Life in general, but for Holy Cross and its various works in particular. Here also is our office and editorial room for Holy Cross Magazine and Holy Cross Press. A very large part of our work for God is through correspondence, which all the year never ceases. Add to these items the hundreds of men who come either in groups or singly for retreats; our heavy schedule of missions, conferences, retreats, quiet days, and it will be seen that our Lord has sent us much to do. For these opportunities to serve we thank Him.

From Holy Cross we send men to carry on our Branch Houses. St. Michael's Monastery in Tennessee is responsible for the tip-top accredited St. Andrew's School with

large staff and 115 boys. The Holy Cross Presbyterian Mission at Bolahun has a monastery at the center of its wide activities, social, spiritual and religious. The monastery and retreat house at Santa Barbara, California, has already proved its worth, for in addition to all its load of mission and retreat work, schools of prayer and conferences, it has sent two new men to our novitiate. That is a record of which any branch house may well feel proud. Our greatest need after is for men, men eager for sacrifice and prayer.

Lest we seem to boast, we shall not say much about those who look to Holy Cross for spiritual help. This includes several Sisterhoods, where we hold chaplaincies, one Society of Deaconesses, and the really imposing number of Associates in one or another of our devotional groups. We can say and say that it is our pleasure to serve to the best of our means and ability. Nor must we fail to mention our prison chaplaincy at Sing Sing, authorized by Franklin D. Roosevelt years ago when he was the Governor of New York.

It has been remarked that revolutions either political or ecclesiastical emerge from the common people. God forbid that any religious order should ever foment or abet political upheaval. Yet in the Church, if we help a revolt against sin and injustice, against pride and complacency, we are glad. The revival of the Religious Life in the Anglican Communion a century ago had wondrous beginnings. None can doubt the efficacy of our witness for God and righteousness, for these results stand in open view for all to behold. As our Lord chose those unknown men in Galilee centuries ago, He has seen fit to choose us now to bear testimony to His love.

Hence, Holy Cross is neither a museum exhibit as a replica of the XIII century nor an odd assortment of freaks in a zoo. We know what we are. We wish we were better witnesses. Yet, God has chosen us, and we are most happy that He has raised up Holy Cross to give us the chance individually and corporately to help build His Kingdom. Taken by themselves, our talents and con-



THE GREAT CLOISTER—HOLY CROSS

tribution to the Church may be negligible. But by our faith, and the hope for righteousness, and our love in and for our Lord, we echo the Prophet's cry: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters."

Spiders and crabs, toads and centipedes are queer creatures from a human point of view. They are so different, such impossible guests at a tea party. Some of our learned friends may class Religious with them. After all has been said though, we stand or fall by God's judgment, not man's. He knows the mind of every person. He who has created us all has also chosen us to be just what we are. He calls, He clothes us with righteousness.

In Africa during the dry season water is apt to be quite scarce. At such times animals of various sorts as well as human beings all must frequent the same little stream or water hole. That necessitates a truce, that all may drink and live. That truce is not written on paper, but it does exist. Thus in the Church we all come to drink freely of the water of life in sacrament and prayer. The truce of God must rest upon us all, no matter who or what we be. We enter thus into the peace of God which passes understanding. And, open to all, a path leads to Holy Cross on the River.

St. Andrew's

BY BONNELL SPENCER, O.H.C. PRIOR

AT THIS time of writing the forty-ninth year of St. Andrew's School is drawing to a close. It is never possible to get a full and final appraisal of a year not only until it is over, but until it has had time to fade back into perspective. However, we do not think it premature to claim that this has been one of our good years.

The most important new element in the school set-up has been a slight increase in the enrollment. Numerically it has not been great, an average over the year of about ten more boys. But it has been significant. Not only have we been able to give more boys the opportunity to attend St. Andrew's, but it has also strengthened the student body. The various activities of school life, both academic and extra-curricular, need a sufficient number of recruits if they are to function properly. A school averaging about 115 has met this need far better than one averaging 105.

The one question in our minds, when we found that the new dormitory we built last summer would, in addition to its primary purpose of relieving the overcrowding in our old dormitories, also permit the increase in enrollment, was whether a school of 115 would be too large to preserve the family touch which we feel essential in our school life. That question can now be definitely answered. It is not. We have been able to continue the same personal interest and supervision of each boy that we have in the past. We have done this in spite of the necessity this year of the Prior doubling as Headmaster. We feel this is the acid test and therefore that all the advantages are on the side of maintaining the school at its present enrollment.

Two innovations have been a great help in maintaining the individual assistance in the academic field. The first was the institution of a remedial reading program for boys deficient in this field. Many of our boys' problems in their courses spring directly

from their not having learned to read properly in the earlier grades.

The second is the Headmaster's Conference. Each week a list of boys whose work has not been entirely satisfactory is distributed to their teachers. The teachers report on the boys in their classes as to whether they are working properly, paying attention, cooperating with the teacher and so forth. The boys whose reports indicate that they need help, encouragement or stimulation are then seen by the Headmaster individually. The results have been spectacular. On the one hand, problems that the boys are not equipped to cope with have been detected early enough that schedule changes or extra help could be arranged in time to avert failure. On the other hand, boys whose difficulties stemmed from poor study habits, procrastination, or sheer laziness have been persuaded to correct these faults. Several who were failing courses at mid-year's, when the program started, are not only passing them now but have actually discovered that mastering a subject can be fun.

The campus life this year has been very happy. Credit here is due to the Prefect and Senior Class. They have maintained a high standard of leadership and example have shown a splendid spirit of loyalty and responsibility in dealing with the various problems we have had to face and, above all, have been exceptionally unselfish and understanding in their dealings with the younger boys.

Our athletic program has been most successful. Football and tennis did better than usual; basketball and baseball had outstanding records. Two new sports, cross-country in the fall and wrestling, which replaced boxing in the winter season, got off to good starts. Our spring production of Galsworthy's *Strife* upheld the high standard of dramatic performances we have had in recent years.

The only real problem is the hasty peren-

al, finances. This is inevitable. There seems to be no end to the rise of operating costs. Prices on the necessities of life continue to rise and we have to keep adding to our staff and plant to meet the educational needs of the boys. This last item is most important. We are determined to do our best to give a good Christian boarding school education to the boys who come to us. Avoidable inadequacies must not be exacted on the grounds that we are providing education for less than cost. Christian education must never be second-rate.

We cannot pass this increasing cost on to the parents, if we are to keep the school open to those who need it most. We have, therefore, to count on the help of our friends who have kept us going all these years and who, I tell you, we are confident, continue to do so in the future. For we believe that our objective, the provision of a Christian boarding school education for boys of families of moderate means, is one which many will recognize as worthy of support.

Now as this year is drawing to a close, we begin to turn our thoughts to the fiftieth school year that will be starting next September. We hope it will be worthy of that notable anniversary. There are encouraging indications that it will. A fine Council of



SAINT ANDREW'S—DINING HALL

Prefects of the 1955 class were installed three weeks before the end of this year and have shouldered their responsibilities in a way that shows real promise. Their class as a whole has demonstrated a high level of scholastic attainment and a determination to continue best traditions which have been established by their predecessors.

We who are stationed at St. Andrew's are humbly grateful for the opportunities that our Lord gives us here to help the boys to grow up in Him and to go forth as His agents to a world that sorely needs convinced and practising Christians. We know that what we are able to accomplish along these lines is possible because our hands are upheld by the prayers and support of the Holy Cross Family. To all of you, our thanks.

Mount Calvary

BY KARL TIEDEMANN, OHC

MOUNT Calvary, Santa Barbara, California is the center of the life and work of the Order of the Holy Cross in the Far West. It is conveniently reached from all points by train, by bus, by motor, and by air. Santa Barbara is halfway between three great centers of Church population, San Francisco to the north and Los Angeles and San Diego to the south.

Mount Calvary came into being as a result of our mission preaching in the west. One of the Fathers was concerned by the fact that at that time there was no retreat house for clergy and laity of the Episcopal Church on the West Coast. Accordingly he

was given permission by the Superior to spend time in the Far West to see if there was a need for a retreat house and if there was a proper site. The Father spent three years in his search. He was convinced that there was a great need for a house of the Order but could not find a suitable location. At last in 1948 his attention was called to a half-finished mansion at Santa Barbara. The moment he saw it, he knew he had the answer to his search.

Mount Calvary is often referred to as "the Magic Mountain" because of its great beauty of location. It is a large and dignified house, built around four sides of a patio which is

75 feet square. Its architecture is Spanish, and it is set on the top of a hill, 1,253 feet high, just outside the city limits, with the Santa Inez mountains as a back-drop and an inspiring view over the Pacific Ocean toward Santa Cruz island. (Some one remarked to the Superior that not to occupy a house which faced Holy Cross Island and was backed by the Los Padres Forest, would be flying in the face of Providence!) On a clear day one can see forty miles up and down the coast line. At night one looks down on the twinkling white and green and red lights of Santa Barbara. Truly it is a "Magic Mountain."

At the time of its discovery the house was only a shell. The purchase price of the half-completed building together with eighteen acres of land was covered by a legacy which was given the Order at that time. It has taken five years to put in floors and walls and doors and windows. We are most grateful to our benefactors who have made possible the completion of the house.

The entrance to Mount Calvary is particularly impressive. A friend has painted life-size pictures of our Lady and St. John, one on either side of the great entrance arch. The panels of the door bear the symbols of our patron saints. The same artist decorated the patio loggia with the antiphon for first Vespers of Holy Cross day and also the Lady shrine in the garden. The reds and golds and blues relieve the soft gray of the stucco walls.

The furnishing of the House is in the Spanish style. We came to Santa Barbara at the time when many families were closing up their big estates. Most of the tables, chairs, pictures are magnificent examples of Spanish art, too large now for private homes, but very appropriate for the Monastery.

First of all let me tell you of our three chapels. There is St. John's Chapel and St. Mary's (for these two Saints stood by the Cross on Mount Calvary). St. John's is the monastic chapel. It contains a long table altar with splendid frontals. The red one is made of an old red velvet Spanish cope and is of a glorious hue decorated with gold embroidery. The green one is a lovely tapestry.

The festival one is perhaps the most gorgeous frontal in this country. It is the work of the same devoted friend who did the splendid decorations on the exterior walls. The foundation is soft leather. On this has been placed three layers of gold leaf: white gold, yellow gold, red gold. Into this shimmering gold background has been etched a light scroll design in the Spanish style. On top of this background of arabesque stands the Tree of Life, with Adam and Eve crouching at its foot. "In the midst . . . was the Tree of Life . . . and the leaves of the Tree were for the healing of the Nations." The Tree on our frontal bears shields instead of fruits and on the shields are the flowers of the Nations, a rose for England, a thistle for Scotland, a shamrock for Ireland, and so on. The super-frontal has five exquisitely painted scenes depicting the Mighty Works of God: Creation, Incarnation, Atonement, Resurrection, the Last Judgment. Have you ever heard of a frontal more magnificent?

The silver lamp before the Tabernacle is the gift of a Priest-Associate. A visitor, on seeing it said, "That is the most beautiful Spanish sanctuary lamp I have ever seen."

The other treasure in St. John's Chapel is the sixteenth century Spanish statue of our Lady and the Child. It came originally from Granada and is the gift of a Priest-Associate. The chapel chairs are lovely old Spanish ones, of great age and value, also the gift of a friend.

The Lady Altar is altogether charming, painted in the Mexican style, by another artist here in Santa Barbara. On the walls are quaint Mexican paintings.

The chapel for the retreatants is dedicated to St. Martin, since the young man in whose memory the chapel was given was a member of the armed forces and whose birthday and death-day occurred on St. Martin's Day. The altar was built locally and is ornamented by a text in colors, done by a local artist.

It remains to speak of the fourth altar set in the library and dedicated to St. Gabriel. This is a magnificent example of Spanish colonial baroque about two hundred years old. This altar also was the gift of a Santa Barbara friend.

Our Refectory is a large room, furnished



SAINT MARTIN'S ALTAR—MOUNT CALVARY PRIORY

two Spanish refectory tables, one old, the other a good modern piece. There is also a fine Italian antique sideboard and two valuable Spanish paintings. The crucifix is a gift of a Priest Associate.

We are very proud of our library. It is a fine room about a hundred feet long with a ceiling of Oregon pine. On the walls are many old Spanish pictures. It is lined with bookshelves containing more than three thousand books. We selected these books with great care, and every volume is worth reading. We have a goodly number of religiousographies, a valuable collection of spiritual reading books, a number of good books in dogmatics and History. It was planned mainly as a library for retreatants, but we have not forgotten to add books for priestly study. It is by no means complete, and we would welcome additions.

The Common Room for the guests is a magnificent room with a great fireplace and a fine ceiling of Oregon pine.

Mention should be made of the patio with its walks and flowers, presided over by the great wrought-iron Cross with its bronze symbols of the Passion. This great Cross, eighteen feet high, is the gift of a Santa Barbara friend and was designed and executed here in Santa Barbara.

We must not forget the gifts of fine old

Spanish vestments, of chalices and ciboriums and of the especially beautiful monstrance. It is a great joy to see the vestments once used for decoration now restored to the proper religious use. Our lot has been cast in very pleasant places: the beauty of nature and the beauty of Spanish art, always strong, masculine, religious, happy. Baroque art shouts of the joy of the Catholic Religion. And the joy of the House reechoes in the happiness of our Life here.

Mount Calvary offers several manifestations of the Joy of Religion. Here the four monks of the Order offer the usual monastic round of Masses, Offices, meditations, intercessions, and praise. We appreciate the oft-reiterated "Let us bless the Lord; thanks be to God."

From here the monks go forth to the work of the mission in the West. During the past year we have preached from Alaska on the north to Colorado to the east, to Arizona on the south. That was a glorious experience.

But perhaps the Magic Mountain weaves its greatest spells of happiness and enchantment among the many guests who come here for retreat and conference. Practically every weekend sees a group of laymen assembled here for retreat. They usually arrive about 8:00 p.m. (though some, ah me, have been known to come in the wee hours!) of a Fri-

day night. They are in silence until the following Sunday noon. It is very affecting to watch the tired lines in their faces being slowly erased and replaced with signs of joy. In addition to the week-end retreats for laymen, there are retreats for clergy and laymen during the week. There are retreats for the divinity students from the Church Divinity School of the Pacific in Berkeley; there are retreats for college students, and for men in the armed forces. And here come individuals with special problems. Our part is to be friendly and listen. We have to make but few suggestions. Almost invariably the silence and beauty compel the soul to go to God and so He has His Way in His own. Once more the Magic Mountain has wrought

its spell.

Another source of happiness is the privilege of going out to assist the reverend brethren in their parishes as there is need. During a recent month one monk was helping in San Mateo to the north and at the same time another was assisting in Los Angeles. We also serve as chaplains to two Sisterhoods.

Such is life at Mount Calvary—a busy and joyous round of prayer and work. This life has been made possible by the great generosity and prayers of many devoted friends. For these friends, for the Magic Mountain, for our vocations and our work, for God's mercies, we cry "Deo gratias."

The Torch That Shines

Nothing succeeds like success. So they say, though we would like to modify the statement to "None but God can succeed." To try to describe how the Holy Cross Liberian Mission came into being and how it grew, and under God still grows, is too much to pack into a short account. But perhaps we can give an outline.

The Rt. Rev. Dr. Overs was Bishop of Liberia 35 years ago. He was a real missionary, and as such saw the crying need of doing something to halt the steady infiltration of Mohammedanism from the North. At that time it did look as though the Cross would be swept into the sea by the advancing Crescent. He called for volunteer help to stem the tide. Holy Cross responded, and thus began our extensive work in the Gbande Country in the Northwest corner of that African Republic.

When Father Hawkins and Father (later Bishop) Campbell opened the first station at Bolahun in 1922, they had to start with "just so-so bush." In words we understand, that means that the jungle had overgrown the site of a village destroyed in tribal wars years before. Wild animals abounded, rather like a big zoo all out of doors. The nearest center for shops and railway was Pendembu, a four-day trek into Sierra Leone.

During the building of our first monastery

our hardest task was how to start any sort of Christian work. The native people were for the most part friendly. But we certainly did not know their language, much less their social or religious background. Perhaps it was just as well, for it enabled us to be the pupils in their school, and they the teachers. That alone won us many good friends, though they must have been amused not a little by our endless questions, through an interpreter of course.

We did not know it then, but we could not have made a better start than on this personal level, man to man. In exchange for salt, soap and cloth we received the information needed. We laughed when told that the gramaphone sings and whistles when we "flog the devil" inside the box as we wind it. They laughed when we assured them that our railway train could reach Pendembu in one hour. It is a four-day hard walk.

By Easter 1923 we had finished enough of the monastery "Holy Cross in Liberia" to move in. Father Allen arrived in June, just as the heavy rains set in. The priceless story of this 72 year old saint volunteering for such pioneer work will go down in history. He opened a medical dispensary at once, and thus won both gratitude and praise from the people. By that time too the native buildings for a boys' school were ready. Ne-



SISTER AND SCHOOL GIRLS

can we forget the sight of those six shivering little boys brought one stormy day by the paramount Chief to learn "white-man book" and to be taught Christian "God-palaver" those were the first of many hundreds yet to come. Thus started St. Joseph's Hospital and our Holy Cross School system.

The next major step was obtaining the devoted services of the English Sisters of the Holy Name. At Bolahun we wondered why the women and girls showed no interest in religion. We finally became aware that true daughters of Eve they were condemned with curiosity but that local custom put a taboo on their "following the white man." But since that happy day in 1931 when the first six sisters arrived all has been changed. Women can work with women, walk with them, help them in countless ways. Of these humble beginnings the present tremendous mission has grown. The center of the whole work is the Holy Cross Monastery set literally as a beacon on a hill. Not far to the south lie St. Joseph's Hospital, and the Sister's Convent beyond. Hard by the Convent is St. Agnes' School for girls and the very small boys.

To the west of the monastery one can see St. Philip's Boys' School, the High School, and above all, in the midst of the neat native town, St. Mary's Church, the pride and the gem of all that area.

Let us begin with the church, which reports about 300 active communicants and more than twice that number of baptized. Men and boys sit on one side, women and girls on the other. Most of the services are English, though many native hymns are sung with the melody and feeling found only in Africa. Catechumens sit in the rear and are always dismissed after the sermon at Mass. Heathen and Moslems are not allowed in church at Mass, because there is no room for them. Sermons have to be preached with the aid of two interpreters, so polyglot is the crowd. Worshippers often walk two or three hours to get there. Religion is a live, going concern at Bolahun.

Next take a look at the hospital compound. There with primitive equipment Dr. Beasley and Dr. Smyth have been doing a magnificent work of mercy. What the Africans suffered for untold centuries is anybody's guess. They have quite a list of effective home remedies mixed liberally with fantastic superstitions. But our clinic and the wards (about 30 beds) are crowded always. The Well-baby Clinic is popular with young mothers. The leper colony about a mile distant has a shifting population due to the numbers of undoubtedly cures. Of course there is a large staff of technicians and dressers. Reports show that as many as 175 patients a day come for treatment or for surgical attention, sometimes

literally crawling, sometimes borne in hammocks or litters.

Then the schools. Four of them are at the central station, Bolahun. High School is for boys and girls, as is also St. Agnes' elementary and grade school. The boys in grades 5 - 8 attend St. Philip's and do all their own housework, including meals. Then, there is what we may call the Graduate School for our devoted band of Catechists and Evangelists, earnest, eager Christians all, who amid untold hardships and even persecution carry to the native villages the Gospel message.

In five other towns each at a distance and radiating like the spokes of a wheel are the outstations, each manned by a native Evangelist and a Teacher which means schools for grades 1 - 4, and regular church services. Here we meet with determined opposition occasionally, as might be expected in a heathen land. But the total result in preparing children for admission to the central school at Bolahun is most gratifying. "Hearers", as the inquirers about our Faith are called, can be well instructed and prepared for the catechumenate.

This part of the hinterland is pretty primitive, as may be gathered. The people have a culture much older than our own, though much different in fundamental concepts. The clan is the social unit as well as a political factor not to be treated lightly. It is a family system, polygamous yet closely knit. The chiefs and medicine men always work hand in hand. Their religion is a type of

"spirits-live-in-everything." They acknowledge one great Creator God, but so far as we have observed do not worship Him. Their sacrifices and daily religious observances are directed towards the spirits; spirits of weal or spirits of woe.

One question most commonly put to us is, "What sort of Christians do those Africans make?" Some of them, as might be expected, have fallen by the wayside, largely through the age-old pressure of heathendom. As we write we think on the other hand of one of our converts who refused a chiefdom because he would have inherited his father's harem. His unflinching witness and that of countless others is even now bringing light and freedom to that benighted section of the country. Taken by and large, our sober judgment is that the African Christians measure up spiritually above the average. Such faith we never have seen.

Our toughest problems are polygamy and witchcraft. Our own forefathers in Europe and Asia had those same evils at some period in their racial development. After all the centuries of Christian influence we ourselves know there is still much to be desired among us at home in the matter of morals and social relations. But we believe that the everlasting Gospel spells victory in and through our Blessed Lord. In this faith, the Catholic Faith, we live and work, for God's promises cannot fail.

Thus Holy Cross Mission ministers to the whole man, body, mind and spirit. The Mohammedans have been stopped by the schools, with which they cannot compete. Heathen darkness and fear are being routed by the upright lives of practicing believers. Bodily infirmities and ailments of all sorts receive expert treatment in our medical work, so that pain gives way to health.

To relate the social and recreational work, the agricultural and industrial work, would fill pages. Suffice it to say that all are helpful. The center of everything every day is Church and Altar. There we take our many problems. There we pray. There we gather day by day to kindle our souls with divine love. There, we and our big African family find strength and joy untold.



AFRICAN JOY

Book Reviews

HOW I CAN TELL—by Quentin K. Y. Huang. (New York: Morehouse-Gorham Co., 1954) 222pp. Cloth, \$3.50

Two doctrines of Man have struggled, will struggle violently, for supremacy in our twentieth century world. One owes its origins to Christianity, though it most certainly can no longer in any sense be equated with it; the other received powerful stimulus from the dialectical-materialist philosophy

Marx and Engels, and today finds its most universal expression under that banner — though it has, and still does, find expression in Europe, Africa, Australia, and South and North America in brands of race-theorism and fascistic nationalism. One belief is that men are ends in themselves — and must ever be used as anything less; the other believes that men are means to an end, which is the perfecting of society and that only by using men as means can the fulfillment of man be accomplished. Christians and Liberals uphold the former — and they are versus the rest, (the rest being the vast, last majority). As we have said, this struggle is continually taking place and because of its intensity, there is a strong tendency on the part of many of us to over-simplify matters; to 'umbrella' the issues under things 'Red' and things 'Democratic' or 'Free,' and so do likewise with the locations where the issues stand out most vividly. Thus Russia and Communist China make one convenient bog and Western Europe and the U.S.A. another. We do not like to be reminded constantly of Catholic but Fascist Spain, of the British Dominion but Apartheid South Africa, of Pan-American but Fascist Argentina, of anti-oriental Australia etc. We cannot help being reminded of the battle in our own back yard, but we dislike it nonetheless, and there must be many a sincere heart that pants after a nice, tidy, situation between the Holy West and the Unholy East. The Christian, however, conscious of the dialectical struggle of good and evil in every human heart, knows that things are not ordered in this way. Thus, if he is true to

the faith that is in him, he stands a somewhat better chance of seeing the wood for the trees.

The Christian, striving to focus his mind and heart upon contemporary events, is always seeking to avoid the world's passion for neat black and whites, and feels he is closer to truth when he perceives a tortuous mosaic of subtle shades of grey, which is what the faculty of Christian love, forever striving to disassociate men from their doctrines, *should* characteristically manifest. Because, apart from the local context of imprisonment, torture and murder, there is in every place *propaganda* — whether lies about the virtues of a manufacture and the innate superiority of a society which allows it to bludgeon the eyes and ears through television and radio, or whether via the less subtle and respectable technique of "brain-washing" — today's Christian stands almost outside the context of these struggling leviathans of mammon, because he can rightfully use the methods of neither side. We are bidden to detest materialism under *all* its guises, and we are bidden to love *all* the participants, both Communist and Capitalist, in equal degree to our abhorrence of the false gospels they preach, and the methods they use to realize them. This does not, of course, mean that the Christian is not involved in some way with these issues. In whatever context he finds himself, whether in Peiping or London, Moscow or New York, he has a vocation of love to apply, injustice to denounce and a Gospel to proclaim, as in both a present and potential sense, he is a fragment of that incarnated love, planted through the Life and Death of His Lord, which demands a swelling redemption and sanctification of all human life and order.

Ours is the age of "The Political Prisoner": organized cruelty and torture, efficient propaganda, and the breakdown of communication by totally differing uses of certain words like "freedom" and "democracy," constitute a world-wide backdrop against which we live out our lives. We of the West

have seen all these things terrifyingly revealed through the phenomenon of Hitler's Germany, and when we read such a book as *NOW I CAN TELL* by Bishop Huang, where the essential theme is man's inhumanity to man we are inevitably reminded of the horror of the concentration camps and of Dr. Goebbel's propaganda machine. It is sad to have to write so, but one is struck by the similarity between what has passed and what continues: today as yesterday, the sun never sets on an agony of lovelessness.

Comparisons are not always odious, and with the case presented by this fascinating book, I think they teach us much. Nations do not have monopolies of vices or virtues, but it is nevertheless true that certain characteristics — good and bad — do seem to manifest themselves in given peoples at given times. Examples of cruelty among our Chinese brethren have been vivid and numerous from the time of the Boxer Rising to our own day, and it is perhaps not rash to interpret this in terms of the enormous population of China which tends to lessen innate respect for the sanctity of individual life and make it appear more expendable. This being the case, one wonders in reading this narrative, how much of the atmosphere which is so admirably conveyed, is the direct result of Communism, and how much of it is the result of the national and historic context in which it has arisen. Certainly there is no cruelty mentioned in this book which has not been paralleled for the reviewer by the descriptions of eye-witnesses of the China of the Sino-Japanese War and the constant outbreaks of violence and anarchy which preceded it. Thus if we may remove temporarily from the picture, those factors which heat the blood rather than strengthen objectivity, one is left with the interesting study of how contemporary Chinese Communism differs from Communism in other places and from the other totalitarian regimes which we have been able to observe in detail during our own lifetime.

The ultimate strength of any politico-economic system lies in its virtues, not in its vices. Thus the strength (and dangers to us who oppose them) of contemporary Com-

munist nations lies precisely in the degree that they differ from 'orthodox' totalitarianism, that social justice is woven with social injustice, that sincerity is entwined with insincerity, that idealism, (no matter how un-realized), triumphs over its lack. The general impression I gained from a reading of this book is that these qualities, these negative and positive aspects, are more irretrievably inter-twined in the People's Democracy of China than in any other of the nations of the earth where some version of Marxist-Socialism prevails.

"Oh Bishop, you are too innocent!" A certain Judge Yeh exclaims (p.25), referring to the Bishop's naivety in his reaction to the initial stages of Communist rule. We are inclined to agree with the judge, but the author's naivety is both valuable and dangerous. It is valuable when he is giving us simple narrative description of what was going on about him, it is dangerous when he reflects on these things and arrives at certain deductions. It is unfortunate but true that the mere *experience* of suffering, mental and physical, of imprisonment, of being subjected to ceaseless propaganda, does not necessarily mature the politically immature — nor does it tend to strengthen objective criticism. The truth is that Bishop Huang, though evidently from what gleams from these pages, a good man, a sincere man, is fundamentally a politically naive man. When he is aware that he is a Christian Chinaman writing about his fellow-Chinese, he reveals much, when he is conscious of being a political refugee living in America — viewing everything in retrospect, I think a false note is sounded, and we are forced to read between the lines. Because the Bishop is such a thoroughly honest man there is some discrepancy between his account of what he can now tell and what he now thinks about it. We are even inclined to dismiss some of his comments as the kind of crude propaganda which is so dangerous because the enemies of Christianity would be the first to demolish it. On page 103 we find an example of this. The following question, among others, was asked the Communists and, we are told, the "pro-Communists" and "Asso-

the Communists" were unable to give a satisfactory reply.

We are taught that human beings are descendants of monkeys. Why monkeys? Have the Communists found the missing link in evolution? Why don't monkeys today become human beings any more? Is it possible that we human beings may become monkeys?"

Now such questions are not only superficial but indicative of the low standard of mind of those that ask them, those who prompted such questions by crude teaching, all those who bother to answer them. The question that we have to ask ourselves is whether the rank and file Christian, the world over, is able to reply effectively to the first simple and crude Communist objection to the Christian position. (The problem of good God and the existence of evil springs once to mind). I doubt it. Let us be fair and pit equal against equal. Above all, we must never under-rate the enemy.

"There was no justice, in the sense of our understanding of the word" writes the Bishop. Of course there was not, for the Communists begin from a different evaluation of the individual, and, if man is not to end in himself, then obviously concepts at issue from our basic contention will differ from those of the Communists.

"Most of the prisoners were leaders of society and had *every freedom* (italics mine) under the Nationalist regime, including freedom of worship, thought, travel, safe and sound sleep . . ." comments the writer. But freedom is not to be equated with these things in the Communist mind. Man cannot be free and starving, they say — and the fact that millions still starve under their rule does not invalidate their belief. If it did, then perhaps Christianity would have had to be written off as a failure centuries ago. Then again, these prisoners, or most of them, Bishop Huang points out, were leaders under a regime which the Communists believe to be wholly evil. Now if one accepts the necessity of a regime sustained by force in order to 'redeem' society, (as the Marxists do), then quite naturally, it follows that those who served a society in which the evils



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of poverty and corruption flowed widely, will be regarded as enemies, as treasonous. It is the matter of Elizabeth the First of England's Recusancy Acts all over again. All these things are the logical outcome of a certain interpretation of man and we should not be surprised at some attempt at consistency on the part of those who hold to that definition. 'Sincerity according to their lights' — we are the wiser opponents if we join issue with their 'lights' rather than their sincerity. Of course there is insincerity. Where among men is there not? And it is probably greater where the opportunities to personal power are greatest — namely in the totalitarian nations. But we serve the forces of anti-Christ and not truth if, in our repugnance and wrath, we succumb to the temptation to regard every Communist leader, high and low, as being fundamentally insincere.

There is an eerie parody to some forms of Christianity upon almost every page of this book. Shades of the Donatist Schism are reflected in the steady anti-westernism of Communist China. "Are your missionaries supported by the Western Imperialist Powers?" is a constant factor in the questioning of the Bishop by his captors and it is the Chinese Christian really addressing the Chinese Communist when the author writes:

"Grace of God was then clearly manifested that our diocese of Yunkwei . . . remained the ONLY indigenous diocese of the Holy Catholic Church in China. Although many a time we felt lonely and deserted in that far

distant corner of Southwest China, I did reap at least once, thank God, the sweet fruits of being "indigenous" and "autonomous."

It is interesting to compare this suspicion of Christianity because of its Western associations, with the rather cool relationship, observable from time to time between China and the Kremlin. And the Kremlin, after all, is the Rome of their faith . . .

Further evidences of this grotesque parallelism with types of Christianity are revealed in *The Directory of Thought*, a Communist book through which "every prisoner was expected to get his former distorted and sinful thoughts straightened out or purged" (p.104) The Christian devotional classics at once spring to mind, and with *Chi Ao Tu Cheng* — "the relentless war against self" — carried out in groups under the supervision of a group-leader, we perceive echoes of the old Methodist Class-Meeting and the activities of the Oxford Groupists.

The Bishop himself says:

"Such examination meetings were conducted with a great deal of religious fervor, more or less similar to some revival meetings. Many a time the person being criticized got up cursing his forefathers, environments, and the old educational system for his past distorted and sinful ideas, and beat his breast to show his absolute determination and efforts to save himself and then others. This was the Communist idea of repentance and a sign of regeneration. Such group criticism meetings were long and tedious and lasted, usually, for hours and hours. By the time you got through such a meeting you would, if you were a conscientious person at all, suffer terribly mentally and groan for days. Silence and distress were the outcome. In the eyes of the Communists, we were all sinners because of our heredity, environment, and education and this mental ordeal of torture was the means by which the group would help the individual become 'regenerate and make progress'." As Bishop Huang remarks: "There are similarities, yet great differences."

That there is a real morality, however inferior to Christianity, lurking about the jungle of oppression, expediency, power-grab-

bing and corruption, is shown in the following quotation from the chapter entitled COMMUNISM AND CHILDREN: ". . . Every child is told in turn to criticize himself and then others. Often you hear a child getting up and saying, 'When the teacher was facing the blackboard, I hit TiTi once — this is dishonesty,' or another child would confess by saying, 'Yesterday when my little sister fell down in the snow, I walked ahead without paying any attention to her — this is no spirit of mutual assistance.'"

And all this is understandable if we take to heart what I believe are the profoundest words that the Bishop has written in his book.

". . . I felt rather sad, not because I was in jail suffering, but because we Christians fail to live up to what we believe . . . It is at least partly due, I believe, to the failure of us Christians to build the Kingdom of God on earth that the Communists have sprung up, trying to build their classless Utopia. After all, we are all sinners before God!"

Evil breeds evil; the evils of oppression and inequality under the Czarist system, the failure of the Church to keep her toiling children to her bosom, ushered in a system which rejected every truth save one — the right of the proletariat to social justice — and has a titanic failure in love has failed to realize even that. In China we witness a similar situation, evil has multiplied like maggots from the prior evil of economic and social repression. And the Church's work has been vitiated by the steady sullyng of its reputation, because of the evil company it kept in the establishing of Christ's legions on the Chinese mainland. If Christ stands for Western exploitation in the minds of millions in the Far East is the People's Republic to be blamed for it? In the West the full consequences of the Church's failure to be sustainedly incarnate in the whole social fabric has not yet been realized. Mammon obscures our vision, dulls our conscience. But spiritual will triumph ultimately over matter — either for good or evil. We too must face the consequences of our practice of a petty, insular, compromising version of Christianity that has sought too often to follow in the steps

Byzantium and submit to the spirit of "the world" in direct conflict to the gospel and teaching of the New Testament, of Christ and His Church, which was, is, and ever will be, a cry of succour to "the have not's."

Perhaps the lessons to be deduced from this book are not always as the author intended, but if the Bishop's deductions are controversial, it is surely a good thing that minds are led into the sphere of Christian evaluation of a context over which it is only easy to be glib.

To those, and it is always surprising to realize how many of them there are, who out of a desire to be fair, refuse to see what is essentially antithetical to the Christian position in the People's Democracy, the profound struggle between two moralities, two religious interpretations of Man, is clearly set out. **NOW I CAN TELL.** And for those others who refuse to say, 'A Communist is worth more than his doctrines' a different lesson is to be learned: pin-points of virtue lying in a refuse heap of a doctrine subservient to the dignity and inalienable rights of the individual. And, even more important, revelation of how Communism stands over against the Church in judgement of our own shortcomings.

We must therefore be grateful to Bishop Lang for the opportunity to understand a large portion of our fellow-men, a little better. All Christians who long to love the world as it 'God so loved . . .' should read this book, with but one proviso before them; that for them, as for St. Paul, there is no truth that can be divorced from love.

D.A.W.

THE WAY OF LIGHT — by *Christine Heffner* (New York: Morehouse-Gorham Co., 1954) pp. 109. Cloth. \$2.50.

Mrs. Heffner presents us with a valuable little book for all who are looking for practical helps for daily prayer and meditation. It is rich with suggestive material intended to keep always in the minds and hearts of those who use it the full story of God's mighty acts of redemption and salvation. The material is arranged simply and conveniently for daily use. The first part con-

tains morning, noon, and night prayers, and prayers for special needs. The second section contains short chapters dealing with the great acts of God in unfolding sequence, beginning with the Creation, the Preparation, Annunciation, etc., and concluding with the Ascension, Pentecost, and the revelation of the Blessed Trinity. Besides the meditation material, each chapter contains appropriate scripture reading, illustration, and related prayers and devotional material. In a third section the author gives the great classics of worship and devotion which may be used with the foregoing as desired.

The way to use this book is best described in Mrs. Heffner's own words: "It is not a book to be read through once, like a novel or a book of science or a textbook. Rather it is like a cookbook or a songbook or a child's book of nursery rhymes, to be used again and again, growing ever more useful as it grows more familiar." This little book should help to meet a real and ever-present need: the need for practical helps in that time we spend alone with God every day. It ought to have a wide appeal, and this reviewer specially recommends it to those busy men and women who are caught up in the hurry and bustle of modern living, and need a compact little source for meditation and worship material.

L.S.

LOUISA BOYD GILE, *My Book of Personal Devotions*. (New York: Morehouse-Gorham Co., 1953.) pp. 96. Cloth. \$1.75

The author's name is familiar to any regular reader of "The Living Church" and this Magazine, where several of her devotional poems and articles have appeared. The idea here set forth of having a prayer-book with suggestions by the writer and then an ample number of pages for the owner's own prayers along the same lines is not unique, for a few other similar manuals have a like arrangement. But it is emphasized especially by Mrs. Gile, and is a worthwhile suggestion for those seriously concerned with the development and enrichment of their spiritual lives. The amount of material given is not large. Some of us would rearrange the topics rather differently, for instance putting the general

statements about the nature of Prayer at the opening instead of the close of the volume. I feel too that there is some carelessness of arrangement. Why not lump together all the matter on sin and Penance and put them into a separate section? One irritating point is the quotation of familiar prayers, scarcely one in the usual form.

But on the balance side of the ledger, the whole thing is a real and definite contribution to prayer-literature. Among other commendable features, a few references to the Holy Spirit are welcome. For a fuller and richer prayer life this book, lovingly elementary, is to be received with joy as an encouraging signpost upon the way towards sanctity.—A.A.P.

Notes

Father Superior continued to assist with confirmation appointments in the Diocese of New York during the month. He administered the Sacrament in the following churches: Saint Andrew's, Christ Church, and Saint Alban's, all on Staten Island; Trinity, Mount Vernon; Saint Ambrose, New York City; Ascension, Mount Vernon; Saint Matthew's, Bedford. On the evening of Corpus Christi he officiated at the Church of Saint Anthony of Padua, Hackensack, New Jersey. Later in the month he conducted the second retreat for the Oblates of Mount Calvary.

Father Kroll took part in a conference at Camp Vade Mecum, North Carolina.

Father Hawkins conducted a retreat for the Sisters of the Church, Toronto, Canada.

Father Harris supplied during the month at Grace and Saint Peter's Church, Baltimore, Maryland.

Father Bicknell gave the Prize Day address at South Kent School, Connecticut; preached at Patterson, New York; and took part in the Valley Forge Conference, Wayne, Pennsylvania.

Father Packard attended the Rural Priests' Fellowship meeting at Hobart, New York; conducted a retreat for men from Grace Church, Mohawk, New York, held at the Holy Cross Monastery; conducted a retreat for associates of the Community of Saint Mary, Peekskill, New York; and was chairman at The Valley Forge Conference.

Father Adams conducted a retreat for the Girls Friendly Society at the House of the Redeemer, New York City.

Father Stevens preached the baccalaureate sermon at Saint Mary's School, Peekskill, New York.

Current Appointments

Father Hawkins will take the Masses at Lake Delaware Camp, Delhi, New York, July 11 and 18.

Father Harris will continue his work at Grace and Saint Peter's Church, Baltimore, Maryland through Sunday, July 18.

Father Bicknell will conduct two retreats for associates of the Order of Saint Helier at Versailles, Kentucky, July 9-16.

The annual long retreat of the Order will be held this year from July 20 to the morning of July 31. On August 5 the life professed will be in retreat preparatory for the election of the father superior which will take place on the next day, the Feast of the Transfiguration. The break between the long retreat and the election is being made so that some of the members can attend the Catholic Congress in Chicago. During this time from July 20 to August 6 it will be impossible for us to accommodate guests.



An Ordo of Worship and Intercession July - Aug. 1954

1 Friday G Mass of Trinity iv col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib*—*for religious education*
Of St. Mary Simple W gl col 2) of the Holy Spirit 3) for the Church or Bishop pref BVM (Veneration)—for the Order of Saint Helena

2 5th Sunday after Trinity Semidouble G gl col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib* or pref of Trinity—*thanksgiving for blessings received*

3 St. Vincent de Paul C Double W gl—*for the Priests Associate*

4 St. Margaret VM Simple R gl col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib*—*for the Society of Saint Margaret*

5 Wednesday G Mass of Trinity v col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib*—*for Saint Andrew's School*

6 St. Mary Magdalene Gr Double W gl cr—*for the perseverance of penitents*

7 Friday G Mass as on July 21—*for the Confraternity of the Love of God*

8 Vigil of St. James V col 2) of St. Mary 3) for the Church or Bishop—*for the bishops of the Church*

9 St. James Apostle Double II Cl R gl col 2) Trinity vi cr pref of Apostles LG Sunday—*for missions*

10 SS Joachim and Anne Gr Double W gl—*for the Order of Saint Anne*

11 Tuesday G Mass of Trinity vi col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib*—*for the Holy Cross Press*

12 Wednesday G Mass as on July 27—*for the Seminarists Associate*

13 St. Martha V Simple W gl col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib*—*for the American Church Union*

14 Friday G Mass as on July 27—*for a just distribution of wealth*

15 St. Ignatius Loyola C Double W gl—*for spiritual discipline*

August 1 7th Sunday after Trinity Semidouble G gl col 2) St. Peter in Chains 3) St. Paul or pref of Trinity LG St. Peter—*for the poor and unemployed*

2 Monday G Mass of Trinity vii col 2) of the Saints 3) for the faithful departed 4) *ad lib*—*for the faithful departed*

3 St. Nicodemus C Double W gl—*for the Oblates of Mount Calvary*

4 St. Dominic C Double W gl—*for Mount Calvary Priory*

5 St. Oswald KM Double R gl—*for the Liberian Mission*

6 Transfiguration of Our Lord Double II Cl W gl cr prop pref—*for the Community of the Transfiguration*

7 Holy Name of Jesus Double II Cl W gl cr pref of Christmas as on Purification—*for the Community of the Holy Name*

8 8th Sunday after Trinity Semidouble G gl col 2) John Mason Neale C cr pref of Trinity—*for authors, teachers and editors*

9 Monday G Mass of Trinity viii col 2) of the Saints 3) for the faithful departed 4) *ad lib*—*for the Confraternity of the Christian Life*

10 St. Lawrence M Gr Double R gl—*for the persecuted*

11 Wednesday G Mass of Trinity viii col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib*—*for Christian family life*

12 St. Clare V Double W gl—*for the Poor Clares*

13 Friday G Mass as on Trinity viii—*for the peace of the world*

14 Vigil of the Assumption V col 2) of the Holy Spirit 3) for the Church or Bishop—*for Christian reunion*

15 Assumption BVM Double I Cl W gl col 2) Trinity ix cr pref BVM through Octave unless otherwise directed LG Sunday—*for vocations to the religious life*

16 Within the Octave Semidouble W gl col 2) Sunday cr or resume Sunday Mass G col 2) Octave—*for the return of the lapsed*

... Press Notes ...

ANGLICAN CONGRESS. A world-wide meeting of Anglicans will be held in Minneapolis from August 4th, through the 12th. Bishops, Clergy and Laymen from every Province of the Anglican Communion will attend. The Press will have a display in the Hall of St. Mark's Cathedral.

MISLABLED. This is the title of a Tract written by Edward N. Perkins and published by The National *Guild of Churchmen, Inc.*, 145 West 46th Street, New York 36. The Tract puts forth an excellent case for changing the name of the *Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America*, and while we cannot speak for anyone else, we constantly meet Churchmen who wonder why in the world we continue to mislead "outsiders" by our claim to be a part of the Catholic and Apostolic Church founded by our Lord, and yet go out of our way to advertise our Church as Protestant. Ask the Guild to send you a free copy of this valuable Tract—and why not send in your membership fee (\$2.00 minimum) at the same time?

SO MUCH TO DO—SO LITTLE DONE. Over and over again it is the same old story—Episcopalians seem to know so little of the teaching of the Church. True, conditions are a little better than they were even ten years ago, but much remains to be done. One method of teaching is, of course, through the printed word—books, Tracts, pamphlets etc. Here at Holy Cross we believe wholeheartedly in the apostolate of the press, and through our publications we try to teach the Faith, and *how* to practice it in daily living. Every time you buy a book, place an order

for Tracts, or take out a subscription to *Holy Cross Magazine*, you are helping in the missionary work.

CATHOLIC CONGRESS. A great worldwide Congress will meet in Chicago beginning Sunday, August 1st, and closing Tuesday, August 3rd. So heavy were the early registrations that the meeting had to be booked into the Chicago Stadium. Not bad at all—considering that some people still think of Anglican Catholics as a "lunatic fringe" in the Episcopal Church. Bishops and other Prelates, Clergy and Laymen from all over the world will attend. For complete details send your Congress registration (\$1.00) to: The American Church Union, 347 Madison Ave., New York 17.

A TRUE STORY. "Recently, I found my parish Tract case your little book *Method of Meditation*... How that little book has helped me in prayer I cannot tell you here. The important thing is I have learned how to come closer to God. I know I still have a long way to go, but your book is just what I needed. God bless you."

HAVE YOU EVER considered offering yourself to Our Lord in the Religious Life? God may be "calling" you. How can you tell? Have you read anything on the subject? We have books and Tracts. Send for List.

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